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Scully just couldn't get used to that idea.

It wasn't a matter of identity. Scully admitted the real name of the man he called "Dr. Gee" was Leo GeBauer all right. But Scully couldn't believe GeBauer wasn't one of the world's great scientists. GeBauer had told him so, personally.

I suggested Scully fly to Phoenix with me and see for himself.

That, Scully said, was out of the question. He was a sick man. He would never be able to stand the heat in Phoenix.

Instead, Scully suggested I get a written statement from GeBauer that he was NOT Dr. Gee. If I did Scully would help me find out what Newton and GeBauer were really up to.

GeBauer's Store

That afternoon I was on my way to Arizona.

Scully was right about the heat. It was only the middle of June, but the air conditioning machines were already feeling the strain in Phoenix.

GeBauer's radio parts store, Western Radio and Engineering or WRECO, was in a flat-roofed building in a treeless section of town. There was no air conditioning. Inside I got a first hand impression of what makes the Thanksgiving turkey such a nice golden brown.

There was one man who might give me some answers: Frank Scully.

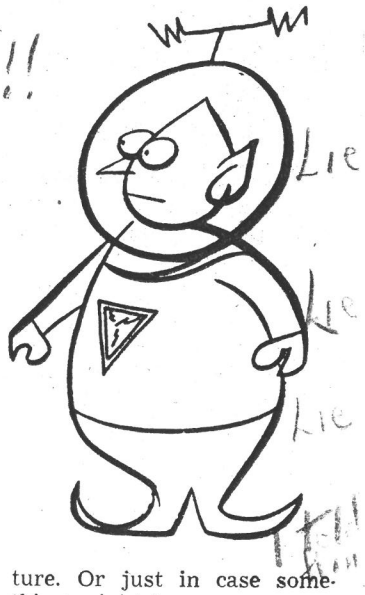
I flew to Hollywood and showed Scully what I had.

He was staggered, but he went along with everything until I told him his super scientist, Dr. Gee, was really Leo GeBauer of Phoenix, Ariz.; an ex-laboratory maintenance man turned radio parts dealer.

Leo GeBauer, the great Dr. Gee, turned out to be a blocky 200-pound man in his fifties with deep-set, pale eyes, so pale they look dusty.

Heat Treatment

I had made a deal with a photographer from the Phoenix Gazette to come along in case something might happen that would make a good pic-



ture. Or just in case something might happen.

The deal was the photographer was supposed to follow me and stroll around looking like a customer.

And the first time GeBauer gave me those dusty eyes I decided it was the best deal I ever made.

Mrs. GeBauer and what looked like about ten too many employees for the size of the place were up in the front part of the store. GeBauer took me into a little office he had in the back.

It was even hotter in there.

I told GeBauer who I was and that I understood he was Dr. Gee in Scully's book.

GeBauer was rolling a big steel bearing around on the glass top of his desk.

He gave me the eyes.

"You're mistaken there, my boy," he said. "I know Si Newton and I've read Scully's book, but whoever told you I was Dr. Gee was away off base."

Sweat was running down his face and making detours around his jaw.

I was sweating some my-

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self and it wasn't all on account of the heat.

"If you're not Dr. Gee," I said, "let me have a written denial. The papers will carry it and it will take a lot of pressure off you."

GeBauer wanted to talk the deal over with his wife before he signed anything.

I waited in the back office maybe five minutes and then went up to the front of the store.

Mrs. GeBauer had a piece of stationery in the typewriter. After half a dozen false starts, GeBauer gave me the denial Scully wanted. On a Western Radio and Engineering letterhead it had a nice documentary look.

When I got to San Francisco I phoned Scully and suggested he come up where it was nice and cool so we could get to work.

Scully seemed to have forgotten our bargain.

As far as he was concerned now, there wasn't any bargain in the first place. He wouldn't tell me why he had changed his mind, but he had — definitely.

For the moment it looked as if I were stymied.

I had tipped my hand and Newton had vanished like the folding bird cage in a magic act.

The Pieces Fit

Then Thor Severson, the reporter on the Denver Post, paid off by sending me the back issues of Petroleum Review — the ones with the articles written by Si Newton. They were like money from home.

As reading material the Newton articles were terrible. They were just propaganda telling you that Newton was a red-hot operator when it came to discovering oil and that anyone who disagreed with him was a blockhead.

I didn't really get interested until I discovered that some of the phrases had a familiar ring.

When I checked back into Scully's flying saucer book I found out why. Here's just one example:

Petroleum Review (1946-47): "Microwaves (are) being broadcast constantly by petroleum deposits hidden deep in the earth . . ."

Behind The Flying Saucers: (page 36): "Petroleum deposits hidden deep in the earth were constantly broadcasting . . . magnetic microwaves."

I checked the statements with Dr. Thomas C. Poulter, a world authority on geophysics working at Stanford Research Institute.

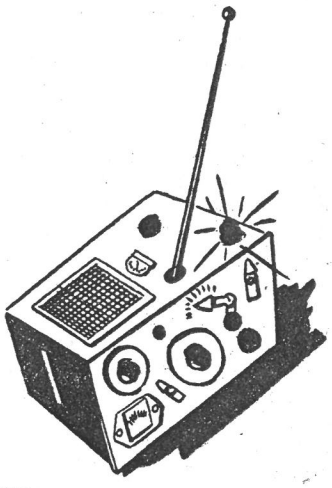
"As far as I know," he said, "petroleum in place doesn't radiate anything. If it did all the world's oil fields would have been discovered long ago."

The Bunco Pitch

There was another point I got cleared up, too. While there are instruments, like the magneto meter, that are used in making surveys for likely oil bearing geological structures, no instrument has been developed that can actually locate oil.

Not that there aren't plenty of men around the oil fields who will swear that their little black boxes can tune in a gusher every time.

But accredited petroleum engineers, who call the black boxes or other oil witching devices "doodlebugs," regard them in about the same way a licensed physician regards



Old Doc Zipp and his Vitalized Essence of Okechobee Snake Oil.

After almost a year's digging I was beginning to see what was behind, "Behind The Flying Saucers."

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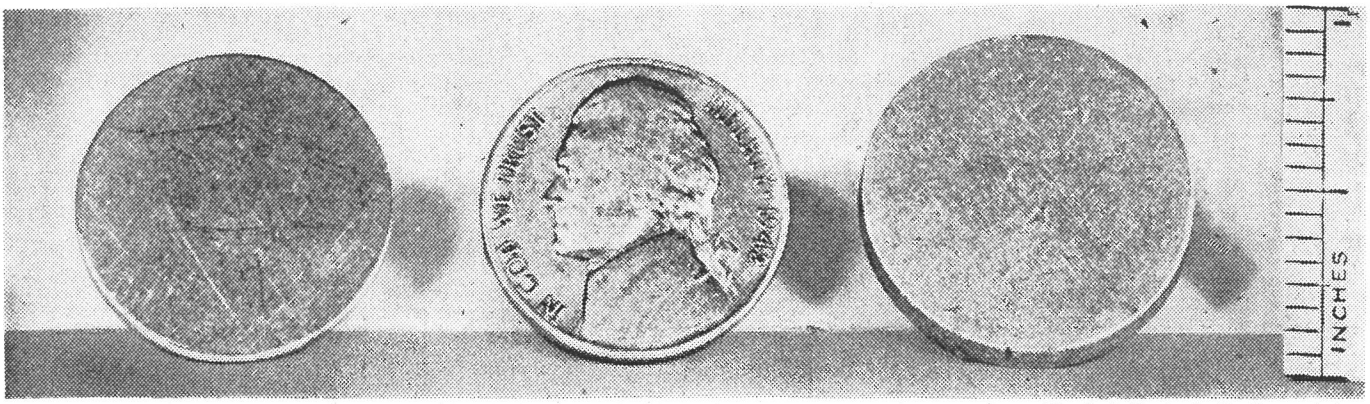

Stanford Research Institute photo

From left: One of Reporter Cahn's steel counterfeit slugs, a U. S. nickel, and Newton's disk of "unknown metal"

Newton had apparently tired of plugging his phony microwave radiation theory to the specialized readership of magazines like Petroleum Review, mostly oil men who knew a great deal more about oil than Newton and just laughed at his doodlebug and microwave theory.

By taking advantage of the enormous interest in flying saucer reports, which couldn't be proved nor disproved at the moment, Newton saw a chance to apply that old bromide, "it pays to advertise" and reach a huge, new audience.

In Newton's mind, "Behind The Flying Saucers," was just a sales brochure for Newton's old microwave bunco.

Bill of Goods

Newton had slipped the pitch for his magnetic oil locating machine into the little-men-from-Venus story. It tied in beautifully with the theory that the flying saucers were powered magnetically.

With GeBauer posing as Dr. Gee, the scientific wizard, and building the phony machines and "evidence" taken from the flying saucers, the set-up was perfect.

All Newton had to do was give Scully, an established author, the story, compile a sucker list from the fan mail that resulted from the book—and Newton and his old bunco game were into the mass market; just like breakfast food and powdered soap.

Now, all I had to do was prove it.

The only trouble was all my leads had clammed up.

Continued tomorrow

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magazine article

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Sydney Greenstreet

movie offers, while appearing in Los Angeles with the Lunts in "There Shall Be No Night."

t Easy

PANORAMA
San Francisco Chronicle
Wednesday, Jan. 20, 1954

p a Fleecer

A hole drilled in the granite of the Mojave Desert cost Herman Flader nearly $50,000 and produced nothing

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By J. P. CAHN

SIFTING through my notes for something I could use to get going again, I came across the names of two San Francisco men I had heard Newton mention. On the off chance they might be members of Newton's saucer-sucker list, I looked them up.

The first one, whom we'll call Atwater, proved everything I had figured out—up to a point. He had written Scully a fan letter describing a saucer sighting. The next thing he knew Silas Mason Newton, the great geophysicist himself, was listening to his story.

Newton seemed intensely interested and told him that as soon as he concluded some "very important conferences with the top brass in Washington," he would come back and go into the matter in detail.

Only he never came back.

It wasn't any wonder. A credit check on Atwater showed that if Newton had offered him the Hope Diamond for $50 he would have had a hard time raising the cash.

Atwater was obviously not an attractive subject for a con man trying to peddle a doodlebug.

The next man, call him Garfield, was just the reverse, a five-figure executive who hadn't written a fan letter but had met Newton through some business connections.

Personal Favor

Oil stock? Well, yes, as a matter of fact. Newton had let him in on a little Wyoming gas property as a personal favor. Didn't amount to much, about $10,000 roughly, but it was going to pay off three times that much a year as soon as Newton could get around to opening the field.

I gave Garfield the scenic tour: The FBI report, the newspaper clippings about Newton's arrests, the Denver story, the phony discs of "unknown" metal, the works.

Garfield's attorney got into the act. Garfield had a case against Newton if he wanted to sign a complaint and publicly admit Newton had taken him for a sucker.

Well, Garfield would have to think that over. Very serious matter signing a complaint. Beside, Garfield wasn't any too sure there wasn't a nice little gas reserve on that Wyoming land, maybe some oil, too. After all, drilling hadn't even started. A man ought to be given a chance.

No, Garfield wanted to think it over.

That was two years ago. Presumably Garfield is still thinking. It takes a lot of backbone to admit you've been taken. Garfield didn't have as much backbone as a wet noodle.

I had run out of leads again.

If I only could get what I had into print, somebody who knew the answers I needed might read it and get in touch with me. Then I'd be back in business again.

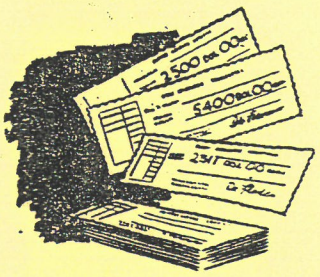
This Wasn't News

But I didn't have anything you could print in a newspaper.

All I had was the low-down on a year-old book that wasn't all it appeared to be and a color story about two men who weren't all they said they were. It wasn't news. And no news, no newspaper story.

A year went by before I got the story printed.

True, the magazine that had been following the general saucer story, published what I found out about Scully's little men from Venus in their issue of September, 1952. They titled it "The Flying Saucers and the Mysterious Little Men," and it contained as much of my theory about the Newton-GeBauer operation as I could tell without running into a libel suit.



The magazine hadn't been out a week before the mail started rolling in. For the next month I was the postman's best customer.

The first letter got me started again.

'Urgent Notice'

It was from Mr. A. J. C. Bernard in Los Angeles, and it had a want ad clipped out of a Los Angeles newspaper pasted to it that read: "URGENT NOTICE! All persons having dealings with SILAS M. NEWTON, NEWTON OIL CO., formerly of Denver, Colorado, New York, Illinois, Wyoming, California, Arizona, relative to oil investments, 'Cosmic Rays,' and/or 'Fly-

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ing Saucers,' kindly contact me, Box M5743, by letter or wire. THIS IS MOST URGENT."

I wired.

Since the ad had been clipped from a Los Angeles paper, I figured I ought to get an answer in two or three days at the most.

Two days went by. No answer from the Los Angeles ad yet.

Then I got a phone call. This time it was from Denver.

The man's name was Herman Flader, a Denver manufacturer and rancher who said he had heard of me through a Denver doctor. Was I the fellow who wrote the article in True magazine about Newton and GeBauer and the flying saucers and if so would I be interested to know Mr. Flader had "invested over a quarter of million dollars with those bums and never got a penny back?"

I was trying to decide whether I should go straight to Denver or swing through Los Angeles and try to check on that want ad when I got a telegram.

It was from a Dr. A. D. Kleyhauer acknowledging my response to his Los Angeles ad. Dr. Kleyhauer wanted to see me immediately. His address . . . 1432 Tremont St., Denver, Colorado.

I arrived in Denver the night of Thursday, September 11, 1952, almost two years after I started plugging along the trail of the little men from Venus.

Special Assignment

Since it looked as if this was going to be a Denver story, I had made arrangements with the Denver Post to work for them on special assignment.

On the strength of what I knew about Newton and GeBauer as a couple of rough articles, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to check out Kleyhauer and Flader to make sure I wasn't stepping into the parlors of a couple of characters in the little-men-from-Venus caper I had not heard about.

Dr. Kleyhauer and Herman Flader checked out all right as far as I could tell. They seemed to be a couple of respectable residents of Denver who hadn't given little men a second thought since the Singer Midgets quit show business.

Still Newton himself had looked pretty respectable on the surface.

To be on the safe side I called an old friend, Howard Roberts, who was working as a technician at the electronic division of the Denver Research Institute at Denver University. After a quick fill-in I gave him Kleyhauer's address and told him if he didn't hear from me in a couple of hours to call the cops.

Then I paid a call on Dr. Kleyhauer.

The doctor turned out to be a mild-mannered optometrist who had given Newton $9000 for some oil leases, with the understanding in writing, that if the wells didn't come in Dr. Kleyhauer would get his money back.

Marvelous Machine

How could Newton give a money-back guarantee on an oil lease? Well, it seemed Mr. Newton had this marvelous machine that could locate oil by tuning in on magnetic microwaves . . .

I phoned Roberts and told him to relax. I was among friends. Dr. Kleyhauer's story, stripped of the details, was simple.

He had met Newton through some mutual friends, respectable business and professional men in Denver who knew Newton as a wealthy oil man who had once been Colorado State amateur golf champion.

Since all this took place in 1946 before Newton's flying saucer period, Newton showed Dr. Kleyhauer some magazine articles he had written, including the ones I had seen in Petroleum Review, and gave him an autographed copy of one of them.

On the strength of that, and the money-back guarantee, Kleyhauer, who knew nothing about the oil business, invested his $9000.

After neafly two years, with the expiration date of the money-back guarantee hard upon him, Kleyhauer asked for his refund.

Newton stalled him.

Dr. Kleyhauer hired attorneys one after the other. None of them seemed able to get Newton in their sights.

When the expiration date on the guarantee passed, Kleyhauer ran the first of his URGENT NOTICE ads in the Denver papers. A flurry of replies came in. Kleyhauer turned them over to his attorneys. They all seemed to peter out.

Six years after his original loss, Dr. Kleyhauer was still doggedly running his ads.

His attorneys had advised him to save his money. The law sets a time limit on the filing of charges. It is called the statute of limitations. In a case of this nature the time limit is three years. The statute had lapsed on any charges Dr. Kleyhauer might care to bring against Newton.

Kleyhauer kept running his ads anyway. There was nothing in it for him, but he hoped he might prevent Newton from fleecing someone else.

Bitter Moment

I had to admire Dr. Kleyhauer for his public spirit but it was a pretty bitter moment for me. After two years of digging, I had finally found exactly what I was looking for. Only I was too late to do anything about it.

Kleyhauer was rummaging through a bale of loose notes he had on his desk. "Did you ever hear of this man?" he asked, handing me a leaf torn from a memo pad.

The name on the slip of paper was HERMAN FLADER. Underneath it was an address and a telephone number.

Kleyhauer was talking again. "I understand this Flader has lost quite a piece of money to Newton . . . some of it as recently as 1949."

The office calendar, one of those flip-over kinds, was turned to September 12, 19

Kleyhauer was still talking. I didn't get much of what he was saying.

I had dialed Herman Flader's number, and I was waiting for him to come to the phone.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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Fourth Installment Date?

The Movie Timetable

The following time schedules are provided by the theater managements. The Chronicle is not responsible for last-minute changes of schedule:

BRIDGE—"The Living Desert," 1:15, 2:55, 4:35, 6:10, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 p. m.

CLAY—"Annapurna," 6:15, 9, 10:40 p. m.

CINEMA—"Forbidden Women," 1:49, 3:48, 6:07, 8:26, 10:45 p. m.

EL CAPITAN—"How to Marry a Millionaire," 1:05, 3:25, 5:45, 8, 10:20 p. m.

ESQUIRE—"Go, Man, Go!" 11:30 a. m.; 2, 4:30, 7, 9:30 p. m.; 12 m.

FOX—"Beneath the 12-Mile Reef," 12:40, 3:05, 5:30, 7:55, 10:20 p. m.

GOLDEN GATE—"War Arrow," 11:25 a. m.; 2:07, 4:49, 7:31, 10:13 p. m.

LARKIN—"Murder on Monday," 6:45, 8:25, 10:15 p. m.

LOEW'S WARFIELD—"Knights of the Round Table," 11:43 a. m., 2:19, 4:[illegible], 7:23, 10:02 p. m.

ORPHEUM—"This Is Cinerama," 8:30 p. m

PARAMOUNT—"Hondo," 12:24, 3:03, 5:42, 8:21, 11 p. m.

RIO—"Crainquebille," 6:15, 8:10, 10:[illegible] p. m.

STAGE DOOR—"Julius Caesar," 2:30, 8:30 p. m.

STATE—"Violated," 12:22, 2:58, 5:[illegible], 8:10, 10:46 p. m.

ST. FRANCIS—"Miss Sadie Thompson," 11 a. m.; 1:16, 3:32, 5:48, 8:04 and

Herman Flader and the costly doodlebugs

17

By J. P. CAHN

HERMAN FLADER was waiting for me when I got to his office at his plant.

A man in his middle 60's, Flader is built along the snug lines of a fire hydrant.

Flader's idea of a well-rounded day starts with possibly eight hours of prowling his assorted ranches and oil properties in his own airplane which he flies by brute force in determined violation of all the laws of aerodynamics; another eight hours in his plant in Denver, during which time he is likely to overhaul a complicated automatic screw machine with whatever tools he finds within reach of his bare hands if need be; a few hours of desk work, which in Flader's mind consists of a series of long distance telephone calls and then a brisk evening on the dance floor.

Flader built a multi-million-dollar empire out of that energy and his skill as a mechanic.

A poor German immigrant before the First World War, he had no assets but a brilliant, unorthodox talent and a driving enthusiasm for mechanics that ultimately enabled him to invent a hose clamp generally regarded as the finest device of its kind.

Flader's clamp has made him a fortune. Flader's hands developed the clamp. They are the most remarkable hands I have ever seen. In proportion to the rest of him, they are so large they look as if they had originally belonged to someone else. The fingers, instead of tapering toward the ends, have bulbous tips over which the nails curve so that his huge thumbs look like a pair of small tortoises about the size of quarters. Handling a pencil his hands are stiff and awkward. Handling a piece of machinery they are incredibly deft.

Flader knows his hands have given him everything he has and he is proud of them. He calls them his "mallets," a very apt description when they are clenched.

The mallets kept clenching

the Government had equipped him with a bar of metal that he was required to carry on his person at all times.

When the doctor was needed in Washington for some top level consultation, the bar of metal could be made to vibrate, no matter how far from Washington the doctor happened to be. The vibrations were a signal for GeBauer to get to the nearest telephone immediately and call the laboratory in Washington.

That's the kind of man Dr. GeBauer was.

When Dr. GeBauer appeared at Flader's plant, he had a machine with him; a metal box about 18 inches square, with a pair of antennae protruding from either end, a row of small light bulbs on one side, and an assortment of dials on the other.

The doctor was still standing outside the door of the plant making preliminary chit-chat when he idly fired up his machine. After regarding the winking lights and studying the dials, he was happy to be able to inform Flader that there was water right below his building. In fact, the doctor went even further and advised Flader how deep the

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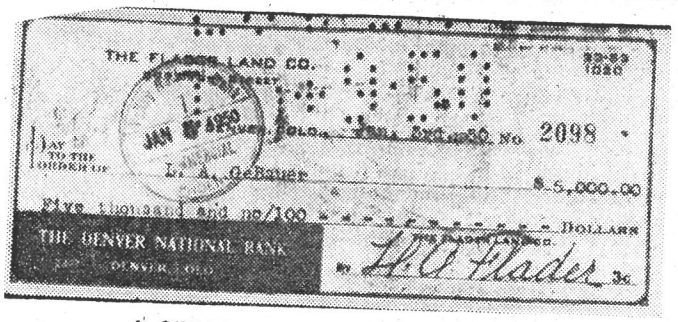
taken from dials.

The doctor decided to further accommodate Flader by making another little demonstration for him.

In the interest of providing Flader with some data he could check, GeBauer tuned up Old Betsy and promptly told Flader how many water wells there were in that area



A $5000 Flader check to GeBauer

water was and how many layers of it surged beneath their feet.

Flader was delighted with the performance and asked the doctor if the machine could tell him whether or not there was oil on one of his ranches east of Denver. GeBauer assured him it could, adding, the machine also could give them the data on how many barrels of oil were available and whether it was green oil or black.

'Let's go out there right now," said GeBauer, who apparently had taken an immediate fancy to Flader, "and I'll show you."

Riding along in Flader's car, GeBauer not only located oil, but gas and water as well, glibbing off depths, volume, and curtly noting where one field ended and another began.

By this time, both of them were affectionately referring to GeBauer's wondrous machine as "Old Betsy."

Flader recalls that a white light lit in the presence of gas and a red light lit to indicate oil. Water readings were of his ranch, and to what depths they were drilled.

Flader, who has a mean way with figures, was able to check the doctor's readings from memory, and he was appalled. Old Betsy was right to the precise foot.

Never one to kick aside an opportunity, Flader began hinting around to see if Old Betsy, or a sister machine might be for sale.

Dr. GeBauer let him down with tolerant good humor.

Old Betsy, it just so happened, was a machine he had developed during World War II, the identical machine that had located 17 submerged Japanese submarines in one day by tuning in on the oil in their tanks and pin-pointing them for destruction by surface craft. Why, the Plutonium tips on the antenna alone, little balls scarcely larger than a quarter of an inch in diameter, were worth $3800. And the rare metal wasn't even available at that price. It was restricted from civilian use and only available to the doctor by virtue of the services he had performed for the Gov-

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ernment.

That evening, GeBauer, possibly feeling an urgent vibration from Washington, departed suddenly, with Flader still trying to persuade him to part with Old Betsy.

The doctor's parting assurance was that he and Betsy would return, and he would at least make a comprehensive survey of Flader's properties.

By coincidence, it was only a matter of days until another fascinating character entered Herman Flader's life — a wealthy oil man who, it just so happened, had an oil-locating instrument, too.

The man's name was Silas Newton.

It wasn't long before Newton was demonstrating his machinery to Herman Flader. A handsome, mahogany encased, dial-studded instrument, Newton admitted it had cost him $800,000.

It had been developed for him by "one of the world's great men of science," a favorite Newtonian phrase; and, according to Newton, it was the only instrument he had ever come across in his long years in the petroleum industry that was capable of locating oil.

All other oil-locating devices, Newton told Flader flatly, were cheap fakes.

Flader chivalrously put in a word on behalf of Old Betsy. A brief argument ensued and so convincing was Flader's defense of Dr. GeBauer and his machine that Newton finally condescended to meet the gentleman if and when he might get back that way.

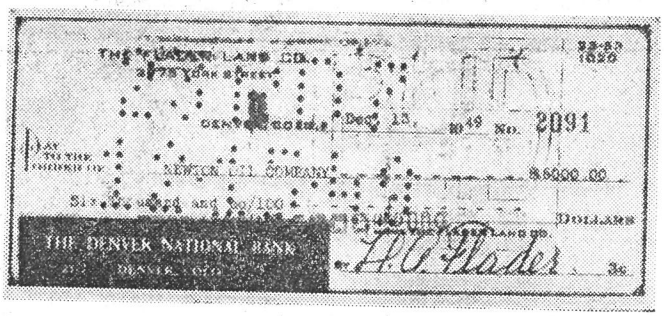
By an odd coincidence, GeBauer turned up the next day.

Flader introduced the two men, and a long, technical discussion followed that resulted in a formal test of strength, with Old Betsy pitted against Newton's $800,000 beauty.

During the course of the tests, which consisted of cruising around in Flader's car and taking readings at points selected on some basis or another by either Newton or GeBauer, a strange thing took place.

It became increasingly apparent that Old Betsy, despite her modest exterior, was by far the better instrument. Newton himself finally conceded the point, his disappointment concealed only by his enthusiasm to join forces with the doctor and head for some oil leases he had recently acquired at Dutton Creek in Carbon county, Wyoming.

Although no mention was made of including a third party in this enterprise, Flader finally persuaded them to consider him in on the venture.



A $6000 Flader check to Newton Oil Co.

In the course of the tests, it developed, confidentially, of course, that Dr. GeBauer was the scientist who had been called in by the Government to inspect a flying saucer grounded in New Mexico. Silas Newton, who understood matters scientific, was impressed.

So was Herman Flader, who didn't.

Before the impression wore off, Herman Flader was going to lose more money than most men earn in a lifetime.

(Continued Tomorrow)

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Sixth Installment
(5 Missing?

SAUCER

Denver Jury Ends Doodlebug Case

PANORAMA
San Francisco Chronicle
Friday, Jan. 22, 1954

h and last ry of how ewton and tripped up orter, J. P. check into est seller, Saucers," of the lit- us.

Denver Post photo

End of the trail: Newton and GeBauer (center), flanked by an attorney, a nurse and GeBauer's wife, leave the Denver District Court after their convictions.

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By J. P. CAHN

THE Flader-Newton-GeBauer-Old Betsy association was to continue from mid-May of 1949, until late 1950.

In the course of that time some strange transactions took place.

Flader persuaded GeBauer to sell him a modified version of Old Betsy for $4000.

Oddly enough, the world renowned scientist was a little behind on some Plutonium payments at the time, and Flader generously advanced him $2000 in cash against the time when Betsy Jr. would be ready for the field.

Cost of the Swindle

Newton and Flader entered into an agreement regarding Newton's Dutton creek properties, a venture that eventually cost Flader $152,000 as nearly as his accountants can determine and didn't produce enough oil to lubricate a wrist watch.

Another development of the Flader-Newton-GeBauer-Betsy alliance was that GeBauer sold Flader three more oil locating instruments in addition to Betsy Jr.

The purchase of these machines cost Herman Flader $24,552.30, a considerable figure, although it should be noted that on the strength of the instruments, Flader and GeBauer set up the Colorado Geophysics and Development Company.

This organization collected several thousand dollars in fees for various geological surveys performed, in most cases, or friends of Flader. All of this money instantly found its way into the doctor's pockets for various pieces of experimental equipment including a station wagon he purchased to further his scientific research.

Other Ventures

Two other ventures sprung from the fertile association of the two men of science, Newton and GeBauer, in collaboration with Flader's willing pocketbook.

Newton sold Flader an interest in a California oil lease, near Newhall, for a trifling $1500 and then some additional California leases near Mojave on some sure-fire oil pay property surveyed by GeBauer. The Mojave deal cost Flader $49,400.

All told Newton and GeBauer took $231,452.30 away from Herman Flader according to his books.

In return he held sizable interests in some of the finest dry holes on record and held the pink slips on four oil divining instruments from the laboratories of Dr. Leo GeBauer.

As a matter of fact, when it was all over, Flader only had two machines left and he couldn't operate them.

The doctor, while he always promised to show Flader how to run the machines, never quite got around to it; although he once gave Flader a sheet of instructions which, unfortunately, Flader couldn't understand.

GeBauer, however, was very clear in cautioning Flader about handling the machines while the doctor was away surveying their various properties. Under no circumstances was Flader to open the machines. Since they were Government equipped and top secret, they contained demolition charges. The slightest tampering and Flader would be blown to bits.

Flader, naturally a curious man, followed GeBauer's instructions explicitly.

Friendship Fades

Months went by.

From time to time Newton or GeBauer would dart into Denver to advise Flader of the most recent catastrophe that was holding them within inches of another Teapot Dome.

It couldn't last forever.

Toward the end of the summer of 1950, even patient Herman Flader began demanding something in return for the quarter of a million dollars he had poured out.

The more insistent Flader became, the less frequently did Newton and GeBauer call on him.

Finally, collaring GeBauer, Flader insisted he show him how one of the machines worked.

GeBauer finally agreed, only to discover when he tried to give Flader instructions, that the machine was out of order.

GeBauer took the machine with him, promising to repair it at no cost to Flader and have it back in a week or so.

That was the last call GeBauer made on Flader.

Newton had disappeared too.

The Newton Oil Company office in Denver was closed and although Flader had his attorney write Newton some blistering letters, Newton never replied.

After a while, Flader more or less decided to forget the whole thing and take his licking. Flader didn't know what else he could do.

When he was through telling me the Newton-GeBauer saga, even Flader looked weak.

"I guess those fellows made a pretty big fool of me," he said philosophically.

I couldn't help but ask how a man with as much mechanical background as Flader had could possibly be taken in by a deal based on machines that didn't work.

"When I build a man a machine," said Flader, glowering, "it works. I never gave it a second thought that the other fellow wouldn't do the same."

I asked Flader if he had anything to prove the story he had told me.

"You just come here with me," he said.

Canceled Checks

Flader opened a walk-in safe and disappeared inside. I heard him rummaging around for a moment and then he came out holding a double armful of canceled checks which he threw on a table.

I look at the backs of some of them. Every check I turned over was endorsed by either Newton or GeBauer.

Flader went back into the safe and came out with a pair of instruments that looked like commercial radios of some kind.

"These are GeBauer's machines . . . the wonderful machines with the Plutonium. Look here."

He lifted the lid off one of the boxes and held up a small battery that was wired into the machine.

"There's the joker that made the lights go," he said. "It wasn't Plutonium or magnetics or anything but this little battery. I got tired of waiting around and pried this thing open one day and this is what I found, a little 20-cent battery that cost me all that money."

A Real Bargain

I showed the machines to my friend Roberts, the electronics technician from Denver Research Institute. Without telling him anything about them, I asked him what he thought they were.

"This one," he said, "is the tuning unit out of an Army Signal Corps transmitter. Look here, it's still got the Signal Corps identification plate on it."

"You think one of these things could locate oil?" I asked.

Roberts looked around inside the box for a minute. "This thing couldn't locate anything," he said. "I can check it at the lab for you if you want, but I can tell you right now it won't locate a thing."

"What do you think a box like that would cost?" I asked.

"I could probably pick one like this up at a surplus store for about $3."

As a matter of fact Roberts' estimate was a little low. He had to pay $3.50 to get a box like the one that cost Herman Flader $12,000.

I asked Flader what he thought about taking his case to court, provided the 3-year statute of limitations hadn't run out. Would he do it if it meant admitting in public that he had been taken for a sucker?

"I'll do anything," said Flader, "if I can stop that Newton and GeBauer."

The DA Gets the Case

Flader's mallet-like fists were rolled up, ready for action. One look at his jaw and you could tell he wasn't just passing the time of day.

Let's phone the District Attorney," I said.

The time had come for me to get out of the act.

That was in October of 1952.

On Dec. 29, 1953, Denver's rugged, ring-wise District Attorney Bert Keating, relaxed for the first time since the Newton-GeBauer trial had started almost two months before and found time to congratulate his complaining witness, Herman Flader, the man who wasn't afraid to admit he had been taken.

After less than three hours' deliberation, a jury in Denver's District Court found both Newton and GeBauer guilty of fraud and conspiracy to commit fraud — a pair of crimes good for a maximum of 30 years.

If their appeal is turned down, Newton and GeBauer will be formally sentenced on the 27th of this month.

There are some other angles to the story that could be developed, but someone else will have to do that.

I don't know where the little three-foot men came from. It sure enough wasn't Venus, and that's all I was assigned to find out.

The End

Desert Springs Chamber of Commerce

(INCORPORATED)

DESERT SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

BEDSIDE MANOR June 29 1954
HOLLYWOOD

Dear Si:

Time gallops on and we stand still. We should have been out of here two weeks ago but we are still here. But in two days some of us will get to get to Desert Springs so Alice can get this house in order for renting, something we have been trying to do for two months.

Thanks for the follow-up, which included the check and the news of your counter offensive. Remember what old Frank used to say: Revenge is best when served cold."

That's allright provided the offended party has not died and been iced himself while waiting for justice to wake up and get moving.

Our Pat ran into your Pat yesterday. She seems to have been graduated from Hollywood High at last, is in good spirits and hears some good news from her Mother. In fact it concerned a possible reunion. True?

We tried to get deForest to look at some stuff Gene has been accumulating which backs up your orginal researches in that suspected vortex area. But he is off for a vacatio

Seeing Rose tonight. He's swinging his weight around on a trial involving liquor and the attorney general's staff wish he'd get lost. I guess as long as he has to drink it he will defend it.